

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befall vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the rumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnualewed Jewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Cl. Me thought I had, and often did I strue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Cl. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.

O then, began the Tempest to my Soule:

I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sower Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Perurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbell'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, perur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.

With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.

Cl. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.

O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnsele Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What wouldst thou Fellow? And how cam'st
thou hither.

2. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my Legges.

Bra. What so breefe?

1. Mur. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.

There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
He to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.

1. Mur. You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdome:
Far you well.

2. Mur. What shall we stab him as he sleeps.
1. Mur. No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Mur. Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-
ment day.

1. Mur. Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.
2. Mur. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
kinde of remorse in me.

1. Mur. What art thou affraid?
2. Mur. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1. Mur. I thought thou hadst bin resolute.
2. Mur. So I am, to let him liue.

1. Mur. Hee backe to the Duke of Gloucester, and tell him so.
2. Mur. Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. Mur. How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?
2. Mur. Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-
in mee.

1. Mur. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Mur. Come, hee dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Mur. Where's thy conscience now?
2. Mur. O, in the Duke of Gloucesters purse.

1. Mur. When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2. Mur. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it.

1. Mur. What if it come to thee againe?
2. Mur. Hee not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:

A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
Swear, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it detests him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
liue well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue with-
out it.

1. Mur. 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
kill the Duke.

2. Mur. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1. Mur. I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
2. Mur. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?
1. Mur. Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesby-Butte in
the next roome.

2. Mur. O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.
1. Mur. Soft, he wakes.

2. Mur. Strike.
1. Mur. No, wee'l reason with him.

Cl. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.
2. Mur. You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cl. In Gods name, what art thou?
1. Mur. A man, as you are.

Cl. But not as I am Royall.
1. Mur. Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cl. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. Mur. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Cl. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?
1. Mur. My eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
2. Mur. To, to, to—

Cl. To murder me?
Both. I, I.

Cl. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?
1. Mur. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2. Mur. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cl. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?
What lawfull Quest haue given their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. Mur. What we will do, we do vpon command.
2. Mur. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cl. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurl vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. Mur. And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false Forswearing, and for murdier too:

Thou didst receiue the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1. Mur. And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vntirp't the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2. Mur. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1. Mur. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in such deepe degree?

Cl. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?
For Edwards, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe
As I: If God will be auenged for
O know you yet, he doth it
Take not the quarrell from
He needs no indirect, or law
To cut off those that haue
1. Mur. Who made thee then
When gallant springing br
That Princely Nourice was
Cl. My Brothers loue,
1. Mur. Thy Brothers Loue, ou
Prouoke vs hither now, to f
Cl. If you do loue my
I am his Brother, and I loue
If you are hyrd for meed, g
And I will send you to my
Who shall reward you bet
Then Edwards will for tydin
2. Mur. You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Gloucester ha
Cl. Oh no, he loues me
Go you to him from me.
1. Mur. I so we will.
Cl. Tell him, when tha
Blest his three Sonnes with
He little thought of this di
Bid Gloucester thinke on this
1. Mur. I Millstones, as he lesse
Cl. O do not slander hi
1. Mur. Right, as Snow in Har
Come, you deceiue your se
Tis he that sends vs to de
Cl. It cannot be, for he
And hugg'd me in his arme
That he would labour my
1. Mur. Why so hee doth, whe
From this earths thraldom
2. Mur. Make peace with G
Cl. Haue you that holy
To counsaile me to make n
And are you yet to your o
That you will warre with
O sirs consider, they that se
To do this deede, will hate
2. Mur. What shall we do?
Cl. Relent, and saue
Which of you, if you wer
Being pent from Liberty, a
If two such murderers as
Would not intreat for life
Were you in my distresse.
1. Mur. Relent? no: 'Tis cow
Cl. Not to relent, is b
My Friend, I spy some pit
O, if thine eye be not a Fla
Come thou on my side, a
A begging Prince, what b
2. Mur. Look behind you,
1. Mur. Take that, and thar
Hee drowne you in the Ma
2. Mur. A bloody deede, and
How faine (like Pilate) we
Of this most greuous mu
1. Mur. How now? what me
not? By Heauen the Duke
haue beene.